

For he was so extravagant,
Most of her Substance soon he'd spent;
And then left her in sad Distress,
Poor Lady she was comfortless.

This of a Truth I know full well,
The Lady quite distracted fell;
In raving Manner Day and Night,
She cries, My Joys are blasted quite.

Oh! bring my Shpeherd unto me,
That I his pretty Face may see,
And I will be his lawful Bride,
So raving mad the Lady dy'd

This caused her Father to lament,
So then he for the Shepherd sent;
And setteld on him, as we hear,
The Sum of fifty Pounds a Year.

The Shepherd still no Rest could find,
But was tormented in his mind,
At length it broke his tender Heart,
Which put an end to all his smart.

Sometimes Love is a pleasant Thing,
Sometimes it does great Crosses bring;
By this you see what Love can do,
There are but few that prove so true.

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F I N I S.